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POETICAL FOUNT.

"Here Nature's minstrels quaff inspiring draughts."

For the Washingtonian.
OH! GO TO THE HILL SIDE.

BY E. C. J. OF GEORGETOWN.

Oh! go to the hill side, and when the wave,
Is leaping forth from its hidden cave,
Then drink, while thy heart shall rise to heaven,
That blessed stream, by thy maker given.
Give rosy wine to the debauchee,
But the water bright let it be for thee,
When the arm is worn, and the frame is weak,
And labor's dew is upon thy cheek;
And thou lay for a season the hammer by,
And the rule, and plane, on the work-bench lie,
From the ample jug let the water pour,
And nerve, and sinew, are thine once more.
Would you bow in chains to a ruthless king?
Would you see your prospects withering?
Would you grieve the heart you have knelt to gain?
Would you plant in your pillow a thorn of pain?
And scorn'd alike, by the good and brave,
Repose, at last, in a drunkard's grave?
Oh! no, my brother, then rouse thee up,
And war proclaim with the deadly cup;
To the pledge away, and enroll thy name,
On the tablet bright of undying fame;
And then go forth with a manly brow,
And keep, till death, your ennobling vow.

From the New York Organ.

'TIS THE BANNER WE'VE CHOSEN.

O, say can you see, as aloft to the breeze,
With Heaven's best rays on it silently beaming,
Our banner display'd, with its emblems of peace,
Our hope and our pride, whilst with radiance stream-
ing;
The bright star of Temperance the shadows dispel
O'er the votaries of the wine-cup which enchantingly
fell.
'Tis the banner we've chosen, O long may it wave,
As a signal of hope, the suffering to save.

'Mid the darkness of night, when our sons and our sires,
Bow'd their necks to the yoke of the despot, en-
chain-
ing
The heart's fondest treasures and purest desires,
From home and from us our belov'd ones estranging;
'Twas then that appeared the bright glim'ring of morn,
And mid day's coming glories our banner was borne.
'Tis the banner, &c.

The rapture we feel as delivered and free,
By the power of the pledge from the wine-cup's op-
pression,
Unite us as brothers, whilst our Order shall be,
As a fast-anchor'd hope, the redeem'd one's pos-
sion;
And our banner, the signal of victory achieved,
Float in triumph the bearer to thousands relieved.
'Tis the banner, &c.

Then aloft in our van, as the "Sons" in the fight,
In the blest cause of Temperance are for vict'ry con-
tending,
Shall our proud ensign wave, and our emblems delight
The wand'ring returning, the sad one befriending;
Whilst beneath its broad folds, in rapture and peace,
The prisoners of habit hear whisper'd release.
'Tis the banner, &c.

THE GRAVE.

BY ROBERT JOSSELYN.

Why should the good go there?
'Tis a cold and dark abode
For the holy men of praise and prayer,
Who have dwelt so long in pleasant air
And sunshine of their God.
Why go the learned or wise
To a house so close and damp?
They can gaze not there at the mystic skies,
Nor watch the stars as they fall and rise,
Nor read by the midnight lamp.
Why go the rich and gay
To a hut so mean and small?
No chance is there for a proud display:
There is scarcely room in the walls of clay
For the busy worms to crawl!
But for him who struggles on
In wild ambition's race;
Who feels that the goal cannot be won—
That his spirits droop and his strength is gone—
'Tis a quiet resting place.
As for him who has weary grown
Of a world that loved him not;
Whose joys have vanish'd, whose hopes have
flown—
Whose only wish is to be alone—
Indeed 'tis an envied spot.

Love is a solitary leaf, but neither storm nor
blight can fade it. Like the perfume that a
dead flower sends forth, it is sweet when all
the gay sun has departed; when all its bloom
is past, it has the fragrance of memory; it is
the last lingering beam that grows long after
the sun and star have set—a refuge from the
tempestuous and bereaving storms of life.

POPULAR SELECTIONS.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

ANDERSON HEPBURN.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN.—The passengers
in the steamer Pocahontas, which plies on the
Potomac between Washington and Aquia creek,
the point where they are transferred from the
steamer to the cars for Richmond, should they
observe the persons on the wharf at Alexandria,
where the boat stops for about three minutes,
will generally see a tall man, six feet three
inches high, of muscular proportions, a mulatto
who has something to do with the transfer of
the way-mail. At other times he may be seen
with his horse and cart, ready to serve those
who have occasion for the conveyance of heavy
articles from one point to another. A person
casually noticing him would not perceive any-
thing to distinguish him from other cartmen
that might happen to be engaged in their hum-
ble employment about the wharves, unless,
indeed, his unusual height should attract a
passing glance. But there is no man in that
whole region like him. Many men work as
hard, many make more money, some men are
as tall as he, many may be as good natured in
temper and as benevolent in feeling, but no
man can compare notes with him in the matter
of saving human life in one of the most alarming
extremities which falls to the lot of man—that
of drowning. If he be not, by his first nature,
amphibious, he has appended that quality to it
so completely as to cause it to deserve the
appellation of a second nature. The water and
the land, the sea and the shore, are to him the
same for all practical purposes. He can stand
in water, walk in it, lie upon it as calmly as an
infant in the cradle, with his face towards the
blue arch above or towards the green depths
beneath; can swim in any position and in any
direction; can plunge deeper into the aquatic
abyss, and live longer in the nether element,
than any other man. If any other man doubts
this, let him make the attempt with him. His
name is ANDERSON HEPBURN.

When Anderson was a boy, on a certain oc-
casion he started to go into the country; coming
to a bridge that spanned a sheet of water of
considerable width, the toll for crossing which
was, I think, four cents for foot passengers, he
suddenly recollected that his pockets were de-
stitute of money. Being resolute, he instantly
determined to overcome the obstacle by draw-
ing, like others in difficult exigencies, upon the
resources of his own genius. Disrobing his
person and consolidating his garments in one
compact bundle, he lashed them with his sus-
pender to his head, and, plunging into the
creek, was soon on the opposite side, much to
the amusement of the gate-keeper. Having
accomplished his business he returned and
recrossed the water in the same way. Such
are the triumphs of genius! Byron might
write better poetry than Anderson, but with
all his Hellespontic achievements he must
have yielded the palm to him in swimming.
The Hellespont would be but an inconsiderable
bathing-tub for such a swimmer when his boy-
ish limbs had expanded into the stalwart pro-
portions of a six-footer. Then, all fearless,
could he lay his hand on ocean's "mane" and
listen to its roar, as one overjoyed with such
majestic music. What would not Napoleon
have given for a few regiments of such men in
his German campaigns!

Expert swimmers have prided themselves
much on the skill and power with which they
have sported with the "yesty waves;" but
where are the trophies of their art? To sit
like the swan on the crystal lake, or sail like
the nautilus on the tempestuous deep, "trust-
ing to the billows and wantoning with the
breakers," may be a graceful and enviable dis-
tinction, but confers on no man the character
of a utilitarian. A fine distinction it is, and
something to boast of, but with our hero these
qualifications are not, as with your fancy swim-
mer, an end, but only a means to an end. That
end is the salvation of human life. Anderson
Hepburn has rescued nineteen human beings
from drowning!

Happy is that man or boy on whose person
his vigilant eye alights amid the perils of the
submerging process. With the instinct of a
noble humanity he plunges into the water, no
matter how deep or how gusty, and snatches
the scared, screaming, panting, trembling vic-
tim from the grasp of the destroyer. He never
pauses to deliberate, to consult probabilities, to
hold "parley with unmanly fears;" he forgets
there is such a being as himself; imagines no
dangers, and seems to take it for granted he
has a commission to save all who need this
particular kind of help. How few can give it!
It must be instant relief or none; and he is
the man for instant action. How many fond
hearts has he filled with gratitude to overflow-
ing! Who can forget such a deliverer? On
one occasion he saved three drowning men,
who clung to him with such fierce tenacity,
such preternatural wildness, that he was well
nigh strangled with their convulsive efforts.

But, happily for him, he seems to possess a
sort of superhuman impenetrability to that most
contagious of all emotions, sympathetic fear
in a common danger, and his energetic spirit
triumphs over all. His first successful effort
was the rescue of himself from drowning, after
having tumbled over the sides of a ship into
the bay. A fine little colored boy once fell
into a well in a dark night, with such appalling
suddenness that not a sound was heard from
the sufferer by those who were two rods dis-
tant. He must have shrieked, but it was in
the dark depths beneath. The aperture in the
pavement, near the pump, made by his break-
ing through the rotten sleepers under the bricks,
was so small that an umbrella, which the boy
carried, was left standing, or rather spread,
over it. Other feet laid, a few minutes before,
passed over the same spot. Two days were
spent by busy men sounding and raking for the
body. At length Hepburn came; he descended
into the well, disappeared beneath the muddy
waters, laid his hands on the child imbedded in
the mud, reappeared above the water to take
breath, went down again and brought up the
dead body. It was some comfort to the poor
grief-stricken mother to receive again her dead
child. The faithful man could not, like the
Prophet, restore the child alive to his mother,
but he did what he could.

When Hepburn is asked what it is that
prompts him to jump in after every body that
falls in the water, his answer is, "I don't like
to see any body in distress." It must be ad-
mitted that he gives the best possible proof of
the reality of his compassion and the sincerity
of his sympathy. He has been eulogized in
the papers, and probably has received some
tokens of gratitude, but ought not such a man
to wear a gold medal? Has even a silver one
been presented to him? I have never so heard.
With or without medals, a true philanthropist,
with a dark skin, is Anderson Hepburn, and
those who know him can testify that the mod-
esty of his demeanor is not surpassed even by
the heroic daring of his benevolence.

ALEXANDRIA, D. C.

A. B. C.

From the Baltimore Saturday Visitor.

THE RAZOR STROP MAN'S SPEECH, Before the Washingtonians.

Henry Smith, the famous "Razor Strop
Man," spoke before the Washingtonians on
Monday evening. Inasmuch as a deep interest
has been excited with respect to the history of
this reformed inebriate, (for such he does not
shrink from declaring himself, like some half-
way men,) we concluded to report the main
facts of his "experience." Here they are:

I will tell you, said he, how I came to be a
teetotaler. One of my shopmates came to me
one day, when at work, and asked me to go to
a temperance meeting with him. I said I would
if he would lend me a shilling to get some beer;
he said he would if I would not spend it till the
meeting was over. I told him I wouldn't; he
lent me one. When I got home, I told my
wife I was going to the temperance meeting,
but I did not like to go in the old jacket; would
she go and get the loan of her brother's coat?
She went and got it; I put it on; asked how it
fitted? She said very well; so it did, round
the waist, but the sleeves were some three or
four inches too short. I found out a way to
make that all right, by stuffing my hands in my
pants' pockets. As I was going to the meeting,
I did not think of being a temperance man. I
did not say, "wife, all the wretchedness and
misery that I have suffered has been endured
through strong drink." I did not say, "wife,
if it wasn't for strong drink, I might have
always been respectable." I did not say, "if
I do not leave off drinking strong drink I must
come to the work-house, or prison, or to the
gallows, for I got worse and worse." I did not
say, "wife, it is all through strong drink that I
have to shove my hands into my pants to hide
the shortness of my coat sleeves!" No! I did
not say any of these things; but I had hold of
the shilling, and I thought what I would do
with it when the meeting was out; got to the
church where the meeting was held; some one
opened the pew door; I should not if they had
not; I kept my hands in my pockets. The
meeting commenced; Mr. Whitaker, from
Manchester, a reclaimed drunkard, spoke; he
told of the many troubles he had seen through
strong drink, and said how happy and comfort-
able he might always have been, had it not
been for strong drink; and he said, "if there
is any one in this meeting that has suffered
from strong drink, I would say to him try tem-
perance, for," said he, "no man knows any
thing about temperance except he try it." Then,
for the first time, I began to think that all
the wretchedness and misery I had suffered
was through strong drink. I began to think it
was all through strong drink that I had to bor-
row the coat; I began to think it was all through
strong drink that I had to set there with my
hands in my pants' pockets. (Cheers.)

When the meeting was over, I told my wife
I would try it for one month; I did, and at the
end of the month I found myself much more

comfortable. When I was a drunkard, wife
cried, father cried, mother cried, Ann cried,
Mary cried, Ted cried; but I had not been a
temperance man only a month before wife
sung, father sung, mother sung, John sung,
Ann sung, Mary sung, Ted sung, and grand-
father sung, and I sung, and I bought a frying
pan, and put a good steak in it, and that sung,
and that is the singing for a working man, when
he is hungry. Finding myself much better, I
went and signed the pledge for life, and with
the help of God I shall hold on. (Tremendous
cheering.)

If there should be any lady or gentleman in
this meeting this evening, that never saw a
drunkard's home and furniture, I will tell them
what sort of a place it is.

[Here Mr. Smith recited, with inimitable
effect, the satirical poem, entitled "The
Drunkard's Home," which we have, for con-
venience, caused to be inserted in our Humo-
rists' Book.]

When I first got acquainted with strong
drink, it promised to do great things for me.
It promised me liberty—and I got liberty. I
had the liberty to see my toes poke out of my
boots—the water had the liberty to go in at
the toes and out at the heels—my knees had
the liberty to come out of my pants—my elbows
had the liberty to come out of my coat—I had
the liberty to lift the crown of my hat, and
scratch my head, without pulling my hat off.
Not only liberty I got, but I got music; when
I walked along on a windy day, the crown of

My hat would go flipper flap,
And the wind whistle, "How do you do?"

(A Laugh.)

A man that kept a beer shop in England, had
the sign of the bee-hive hung up over his door,
and some poetry under it. It was a very bad
house, and a very bad man that kept it. This
is the verse he had under the bee-hive:

"Within this hive, we're all alive,
Good liquor makes us funny;
If you are dry, step in, and try
The virtue of our honey."

I think that poetry was not right. It ought
to have been something like this:

"Within this hive, we're dead and alive,
Bad liquor makes us funny;
If you're dry, step in, and we'll try
To diddle you out of your money."

(Loud laughter and cheers.)

The speaker illustrated a portion of his re-
marks with a retort or miniature still, with
which he extracted the pure alcohol from wine,
and burnt it, with admirable effect, in the
presence of the audience. He also took occa-
sion to commend, in warm terms, the new
order of teetotalers, known as the "Sons of
Temperance." He was repeatedly interrupted
with loud and happy applause, which made the
hall ring again. It was a glorious time, not
only for the Washingtonians, but the friends of
Temperance generally, who were present in
immense numbers.

GOOD.

A journeyman printer lately set out on foot
in the interior of Ohio, a distance of five hun-
dred miles, with an old brass rule and three
dollars cash in his pocket. He soon found
himself in Pennsylvania, and being weary,
called at the inn of a Dutchman whom he
found quietly smoking his pipe, when the fol-
lowing dialogue ensued:

"Vell, Miesher Valking Stlick, vat you
want?"

"Refreshment and repose."

"Supper and lodgings, I reckon?"

"Yes, sir, supper and lodgings."

"Pe you a Yankee pedler, mit chewelry in
your pack to cheat the gals?"

"No, sir; no Yankee pedlar."

"A singing teacher, too lazy to work?"

"No, sir."

"A chenteel shoemaker vot sthays till Satur-
day night, and lays drunk in de porch o'er
Sunday?"

"No, sir, or I should have mended my boots
before this. But I am not disposed longer to
submit to this outlandish inquisition. Can you
give me supper and lodgings?"

"Tshertinly. But vot be you? A book
sachent, taking honest people's money for a
little larnin' dat only makes 'em lazy?"

"Try again, your worship."

"A dentist, preaking to people's chaws,
at a tollar a scong, and runnin' off mit old
Shambock's daughter?"

"No, sir, no tooth-puller."

"Kernolajos, den, feeling to young folks
heds like so many cabbitch, and charging 25
cents for telling their fortunes, like a blamed
Yankee?"

"No; no phrenologist, neither, your Excel-
lency."

"Vell, den, vot do tife are you? Choost tell,
and you shall have some of the best sausage
for supper, and sthays all night, free gratis,
without charging you a cent, mit a chill of
whiskey to sthark on before breakfast."

"Very well, your honor. To terminate the
colloquy without further circumlocution, I am

an humble disciple of Faust—a professor of the
art preservative of all arts—a typographer, at
your service."

"Vot ish dat?"

"A printer, sir, a man that prints books and
newspapers?"

"A man vot prints newspapers! Oh! yaw!
yaw! By Choopiter—aye, aye, dateh it! A
man vot prints newspapers—yaw! yaw! Walk
up, walk up, Miesher Brinter! Cheema, take
de chentleman's pack off. Chohni, bring some
junks to de fire. A man vot prints newspapers!
I wish I may be shor; if I didn't think you vos
a tailor."—*Pittsburgh Gazette.*

THE FUNERAL.

"How dreadfully that young man sobs, and
yet he does not seem to be one of the family.
Do you know whose funeral it is? Is the one
who weeps so bitterly a relative?"

"No; but he was once in love with the
young girl whom he is now following to the
grave. He is no relation. Some years ago
he courted her, but suddenly fell into habits of
Intemperance, when her father forbade him the
house. Since then, the poor girl has pined
away under an appalling consumption, which
has at last carried her to the tomb. The news
of her death only, awakened him from the deli-
rium of intoxication. Since then, only three
days, he has become a sober man, and volun-
tarily signed the Temperance Pledge. But, as
you see, he is a mere skeleton, and cannot live
long."

"And is it supposed that she died from love?
That is, of a broken heart?"

"There can be no doubt of the fact—for
before he became addicted to drink, few men
could compare with him for beauty of counte-
nance, or grace and symmetry of form. But he
had higher qualities than those to recommend
him. He had a kind and feeling heart—a noble
and cultivated mind—polished manners—and
was altogether a ripe scholar. Poor Charles.
A better heart never throbbled in a human
breast."

"You interest me much in his fate. How
came such a man to fall a victim to intoxica-
tion—for I cannot conceive it?"

"By resorting to a fashionable hotel in
Chestnut street, in company with young men
of fashion, members of a Club. Nothing is
easier than to contract a habit, even when that
habit leads to death and dishonor."

The funeral now moved, and the two friends
walked arm in arm in the procession to the
cemetery, wrapped in gloomy reflections on the
ravages of alcohol.

"It is a sad catastrophe, indeed. How can
a man who has thus murdered a girl that loved
him better than life, rest in his conscience? It
is a hard fate."

"To judge from his present agony, I should
not suppose he enjoyed any rest."

"What age was she?" "Only eighteen,
and an only daughter, Alas! alas!"

"What a deadly curse is this vice and its
haunts and temples! How can a civilized
people tolerate them? One would suppose a
sense of common danger, would combine all
good men in society, to discountenance and expel
them."

The coffin had now reached the grave. A
prayer full of power and pathos from the attend-
ing clergyman, struck deep emotion into the
hearts of all. The reformed inebriate shook
like a leaf, as groans and sobs burst from his
bosom, while two friends, could with difficulty
support him. The service for the dead is at
last ended. The coffin was lowered through
the rattling cords into the grave. A wild
scream broke from the inebriate, who dashing
off his friends with frantic violence, flung him-
self into the grave, exclaiming—"Oh! Maria!
Maria!"

Numbers rushed to his assistance, and with
some difficulty his insensible body was drawn
from the grave—but all started back with hor-
ror, as one of his friends cried out—"Gracious
God! he is dead!"

"Poor Charles!" said the benevolent cler-
gyman, "what a lesson you have left for the
good-hearted, who yield from a desire to please
others, to the insidious temptations of the un-
feeling Libertine, who, under the shallow pre-
text of fashion, allures to perdition, the weak,
vain, and good-natured."—*Saturday Amer.*

It is perhaps not generally known that black
pepper is a poison for many insects. The fol-
lowing simple mixture is the best destroyer of
the common house fly: Take equal portions
of fine black pepper, fresh ground, and sugar,
say enough of each to cover a ten cent piece;
moisten and mix well with a spoonful of milk,
(a little cream is better); keep that in your
room, and you will keep down your flies. One
advantage over every other poison is, that it
injures nothing else; and another, that the flies
seek the air and never die in the house—the
windows being open.—*Cincinnati Chronicle.*

ADVERTISING.—An exchange says, with
more truth than is generally palatable, people
always like to patronize energy and enterprise.
When they see a dealer advertise liberally,
they naturally infer that he has an assortment
he is not ashamed to have examined by all.